

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer to Log Cabin in the Lane.

LITTLE LOG CABIN'S

The Home after all.

How well I remember the little old cabin,
Where first shone the light of my life's early morn;
It stood on a hill-side, in sight of a village,
And under the same roof my mother was born.
I grew up to manhood, and started life's journey,
Resolved that my fortunes should rise and not fall;
But one thing I learned, and I'll never forget it,
That little log cabin's the home after all.

I care not wherever in life I may wander,
I never have found in the palace or hall,
A place half so dear to my heart as that cabin,
I've found it to be the best home after all.

'Twas there my poor mother first taught me in boyhood,
The duties of right and the errors of wrong,
'Twas there I have driven the cows from the meadows,
A bare-footed boy, while I heard the bird's song.
I've ploughed with my father, I've mowed in the meadow,
I've trained the young vines o'er the moss-covered wall
That stood 'round the spring; ah talk not of pleasures,
That little log cabin's the home of them all.

I care not wherever in life, &c.

I've grown up to manhood, and fortune smiles on me,
I look back to youth with a feeling of pain,
And think I would give all I think of possessing,
If I could live happy my boyhood again;
I weep when I think of my father and mother,
Both sleeping in death near the old garden wall,
Of all the dear homes in this world that I have met with,
The little log cabin's the home of them all.

I care not wherever in life, &c.

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